

These Plays were written
by Benjamin Stillingfleet. -
The Edition was never either
finished or published. I -
never saw another copy.

J. R.

1788.

J O S E P H.

By the life of M^r Stillingfleet
in the Biographical Dictionary
(See last Edition) it appears
only 18 copies of this Volume
were printed.



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IN order to vindicate myself from the imputation of having capriciously invented circumstances merely for the embellishment of the following Drama, it will be necessary to cite some passages from writers not generally read ; for though the Muse is allowed a great latitude for invention, yet no ornaments become her so much as those which she borrows from history, because no other can have equal propriety.

Gentle asp, p. 12.—It may be worth while to cite here a curious piece of natural history, in relation to the asp. Prosper Alpinus, *Rer. Ægyp. lib. 4. c. 4*, says, that its bite is very small ; that it does not cause any inflammation or swelling ; and that its poison immediately

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diately runs over all the body, and brings on a kind of numbness, or lassitude, accompanied with a gentle sleep, so that those who die of it die not without pleasure. Prosper Alpinus seems to say this from his own knowledge, and quotes Nicander to the same purpose.

That lake which parts, &c. p. 12. — Diodorus Siculus, lib. 1. mentioning that passage in the Odysssey, where Homer describes the descent of the souls of the suitors into Hadés, lib. 24. says, That by the gates of the Sun the Poet meant the city Heliopolis, and by the Asphodel-Meadow, where he supposed the dead to inhabit, he meant a place beyond the Acherusian lake, near Memphis, where there were most beautiful meadows and pools abounding with the lotus and the calamus aromaticus. Homer, adds the Historian, very properly makes this place the seat of departed souls, for most Ægyptians were buried there, their bodies being transported thither over the Acherusian lake.

To-

ADVERTISEMENT. 5

To-morrow is the Feast of Lights, p. 18.

—Herodotus says thus, Enter. 62. p. 112.

‘ When the Ægyptians assemble together at
 ‘ Sais to sacrifice in the night, they light up
 ‘ lamps, and place them about the houses.
 ‘ The lamps are supplied with oil and salt;
 ‘ the wick floats upon the surface, and burns
 ‘ all night. This feast is called the Feast of
 ‘ Lamps. They who do not come to the
 ‘ meeting still observe this nightly sacrifice,
 ‘ and set up lamps; so that not only at Sais, but
 ‘ all over Ægypt, lamps are lighted. Why
 ‘ this night is celebrated, appears in their
 ‘ sacred writings.’

Sirius, rise, &c. p. 27.—So much for the Feast
 of Lamps in general. As to the meaning and in-
 tention of it; Jablouski, one of the most judi-
 cious and sagacious writers upon the Ægyptian
 Antiquities, supposes, vid. *Panth. Ægypt.* v. 1.
 p. 80. that it was celebrated at the rising of
 Sirius or the Dog-star, i. e. when this star
 was got so far to the West of the Sun, that
 it could be seen before day-break; at which

6 A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

season the Nile rises, and the Ægyptians began their year, and believed the world was first formed. This opinion of Jablouski is very probable, and becomes more so if we consider, that we may fairly suppose, that when this feast was first appointed, the Dog-star rose in Ægypt about the summer solstice, vid. Petav. Uran. p. 77. i. e. when the days are longest. Now according to Horapollo, the Ægyptians above all men delighted in the Sun. This is so true, that its progress through the Zodiac furnished many, if not most of their festivities and humiliations, as we know from undoubted authority.

Hephæstion says, that the antient Ægyptians, when they observed the Dog-star to rise with a golden colour, expected a proper rising and falling of the Nile, upon which the success of their harvest entirely depended.

For these reasons I availed myself of Jablouski's conjecture at the end of the second Act; and thought no time could be pitched upon more proper for Amenthe's purpose,
than

ADVERTISEMENT. 7

than when her husband Potiphar must necessarily be absent at Sais, as he was a Priest of the Sun.

Wheels the planets, &c. p. 28. — As to the Copernican system alluded to in this place, there is great reason to believe that it was the discovery of some nation, where astronomy had been much longer cultivated than in Greece, at the time of Pythagoras. This was the opinion of Mr. Maclaurin. To what people then can this system be attributed with so much probability as the Ægyptians, since it was certainly first made known in Greece by Pythagoras, who resided many years amongst them?

☞ This drama appearing to be unfit for the stage, was not filled up with the number of songs necessary to give it a proper length of time in performing.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOSEPH.

POTIPHAR.

AMENTHE, Wife to Potiphar.

METHURA, Servant and Confident to
Amenthe.

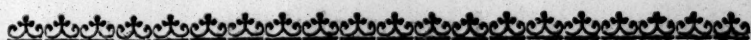
Angels.

Priests, Musicians, &c.

SCENE, Heliopolis, in Ægypt.



J O S E P H.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

AMENTHE, METHURA, *and* Attendants.

C H O R U S.

LET not man complain of fate,
Tho' some woes attend his state;
For where reason darts her ray,
All becomes serene and gay.

A M E N T H E.

My soul is not in tune for mirth: repeat
That plaintive air again. It better suits
My present thoughts.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Envy, hate, ambition, strife
 Cloud the mournful scene of life ;
 Love itself, that welcome guest
 To the young and thoughtless breast,
 Soon does with tyrannic sway
 Drive all joy and peace away.

Well may we then complain of fate,
 Since woes attend our happiest state.

[*All go off but* AMENTHE *and* METHURA.

S C E N E II.

AMENTHE, METHURA.

AMENTHE.

—Drives all joy and peace away—
 O fatal truth to wretches, who like me
 Have drank the dregs of Love's enchanted cup !
 Each hour, each moment, of my life, i feel
 The poison working here—For this disease,
 This worst of all, why has not nature given
 Some healing antidote ? Is there no charm
 In all thy stores, O Isis ?—Is there none
 To cure a wounded heart ? Alas ! i've tried
 All hitherto in vain. For magic charms
 Have lost all power with me—each waking thought
 Saddens

Saddens the cheerful day; while every dream
Makes gloomy night more gloomy—and conspires
To rack my heart with Joseph.

METHURA,

Leave such thoughts

For those, on whom nature has not bestowed
Her chief endowment, beauty; who but act
The part of wisdom, when they strive to quell
A passion, that can hope for no return.
To the' homely leave such charms as these—do thou
Use such as nature gave thee', and which she meant
Should be employed.

A M E N T H E.

They too have been employed.
Thou knowest it, and i blush to think thou dost.
They too have lost all power. He feels them not.
O Joseph, Joseph——

METHURA.

Blame not the sweet youth;
But blame thyself. Full many a moon has wained
Since first this passion seized thee, and no signs
Have yet been given by which to read thy mind.

A M E N T H E.

Then nature has no language to express
The feelings of the heart, but that of words;
Nay, these have not been wanting.

METHURA.

METHURA.

Tell me not

Of hints, of glances ; in a case like this
 More is expected. Boldly then resolve
 To clear these doubts, or tear him from thy heart.

A M E N T H E.

Yes, i will tear him hence. 'The gentle asp
 Shall do this friendly office ; she shall shed
 Her pleasing balsam in these veins, and cure,
 At one kind stroke, despair, and shame, and guilt.
 O the delightful thought ! to rest my head
 On Death's soft pillow ; to compose in sleep,
 In one eternal sleep, the woes and pangs
 That make life grievous ! Or, if priests say true,
 What rapture will it be, when wasted o'er
 That lake, which parts this busy, bustling world
 From the blest'd mansions of the peaceful dead,
 To breathe ambrosial air, to tread those fields
 Where grow the lotus, asphodel, and reed
 Of fragrant scent, and there in pleasing dreams
 Wait for my Joseph.

S O N G.

Methinks i hear the murmuring sound
 Of happy nymphs and swains around ;
 On flowery banks they fit, or rove
 In twilight walks, and feast on love :

While

While glassy lakes, and falling streams
Reflect fair Isis' silver beams ;
And the sweet songster of the night
Love's listening ear soothes with delight.
If such the joys Elysium yields,
O snatch me, Death, to those bless'd fields !

M E T H U R A.

These are the dreams of dotage, and despair ;
Unfit for thy condition. Beauty, youth,
And health, are worth enjoying. Wouldst thou then
Fly from this meaning object of thy love,
This blooming youth, with hopes to meet again
Thou know'st not what, nor where, nor when ?

Come quit

These vain and idle fancies. Be advis'd —
A sudden thought comes cross me.

A M E N T H E.

Speak it out.

M E T H U R A.

To-morrow is the Feast of Lights. This night
Thy husband goes to Sais.

A M E N T H E.

True, he does ;

But what of that ?

M E T H U R A.

METHURA.

All then will be secure
From him—and for the rest —

A M E N T H E.

What dost thou mean?

METHURA.

I mean to make thee happy.

A M E N T H E.

Thy dark words
Do make me tremble— Hark ! methinks i hear
The tread of feet this way.

METHURA.

Let us retire,
And talk of this more fully. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

POTIPHAR, JOSEPH, *and* Attendants.

POTIPHAR.

Is all prepared
For my intended journey?

J O S E P H.

All, my Lord,
As thou didst give command.

POTIPHAR.

With careful eye
Watch

Watch well the family till my return.
 I know 'tis needless to remind thee' of this,
 Or any other duty ; but a day
 Of joy and feasting asks peculiar care,
 Lest they disturb thy mistress. She of late,
 It gives me pain to see it, but of late
 She seems to loath the cheerful scenes of life.
 Yet this she cannot wholly shun. The hymn
 Demands her presence. See it be performed
 To best advantage. It may sooth her grief.

S O N G.

Sounds harmonious can impart
 Comfort to the bleeding heart ;
 By their magic power assuage
 Human fury, brutal rage.

C H O R U S.

Without thy aid,
 Celestial maid !
 Whose tuneful lyre
 Directs the quire,
 This fair and glorious scene
 A chaos still had been.

O may it prove that boasted charm, and ease
 Her sickly mind !

J O S E P H.

J O S E P H.

Is there aught else remains ?

P O T I P H A R.

Thou know'st what custom and the law prescribe;
 Let these be thy directors. On thy faith,
 Thy diligence, thy prudence, i rely
 In every case.

J O S E P H.

Thy goodness claims them all,
 And merits more than my best powers can pay.
 Nought shall escape my care. No bounds i set
 To duty, but those only, which the faith
 Taught in my earliest days.—

P O T I P H A R.

I understand—

Thou art excus'd, soon as the rites begin

S C E N E IV.

Enter AMENTHE, METHURA, and Attendants.

P O T I P H A R.

Amenthe, thou didst now employ our thoughts;
 Thy grief has been our subject.

A M E N T H E.

It does gain
 Fresh fuel, when i see it wound thy heart;

But

J O S E P H

17

But all, i hope, will soon go well. Perhaps
'Tis but a sluggish flowing of the blood,
From some malignant planet ; for 'tis said
Such causes oft produce these strange effects.

P O T I P H A R.

I hope and wish it soon may pass. Farewell !
To-morrow, with the setting sun, expect
To see thy Potiphar again. Mean-while,
Joseph has orders how to act ; but still
With deference to thy will. Once more, farewell !

[Exit POTIPHAR.]

S C E N E V.

J O S E P H.

Before I quit thy presence, is there aught
Amenthe would command ?

A M E N T H E.

There is a thing—

But 'tis no matter now—Yet stay awhile—
Perhaps this time may suit—or, if not now,
Some other time ere long. — My husband oft
Has mention'd slightly, but ne'er told me all
Thy wond'rous story. From thy mouth I wish
To learn the whole ; and let it be some hour
This evening, when thy leisure best permits.

C

J O S E P H.

But

J O S E P H.

Whate'er reluctance I may feel to tell
 Of my unnatural brethren, what must shock
 Thy vertuous bosom ; thou shalt be obey'd.
 Wishes from our superiors are commands.

A M E N T H E.

Nay, talk not thus. I would not have thee come
 To me as thy superior. I could wish
 Thy mind were free from all restraint ; thy words
 Would then have more of nature, and impart
 A deeper feeling. To the tender mind
 Pity is as a feast.

S O N G.

All other pains our blis destroy,
 The pains of Pity we enjoy ;
 To her th' indulgent Gods assign
 The taste of happiness divine.

C H O R U S.

For she was sent us from above,
 To do the work of heavenly love ;
 To wipe Affliction's tear away,
 And make e'en Misery look gay.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

MAIDS OF AMENTHE.

FIRST MAID.

DID ye observe our mistress as she pass'd ?
She seem'd disorder'd.

SECOND MAID.

We did see and mark ;
Has aught offended her ?

FIRST MAID.

Nought that we know.
Her conduct seems quite chang'd of late. From mild
And sweetly temper'd, she has frequent starts,
That make attendance heavy. But our lot
And duty bid us bear. And we should learn
From hence, that every station has its cares,
Its woes, however envied.

S O N G.

Not the gilded room of state,
Costly robes, or livery'd train,
Can from care secure the great,
Or support the mind in pain.

C 2

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

The Gods are pleas'd on men to shower
 Unequal shares of wealth and power ;
 But with impartial hand bestow
 True happiness on high and low.

Let us retire

And wait her orders.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

J O S E P H *alone.*

Was I awake, and can it be that one
 Bless'd in so kind a husband, plac'd so high
 Above my station—one who stands so clear,
 So spotless, in the world's discerning eye,
 Should fall to this ! should cast away all shame,
 And tempt her servant with unlawful love !
 Now but too well I understand those words
 Of dubious import, which from time to time
 She dropp'd as 'twere by chance ; those looks that
 seem'd

To glance suspicious meaning. Fatal fall
 To her, perhaps to me ! for can she bear
 Before her face the witness, and the cause,
 Though innocent, of this perfidious act ?

No.

No. She will watch occasions ; she will seize
Each trivial slip, and in the form of guilt
Present it to the eyes of Potiphar
In his kind moments. What then must ensue,
Should she prevail, but banishment from hence,
This only refuge in my time of woe ?
And what is that but ruin ? Well, let it come,
Since innocence attends, and draws it down,
If it does come. O holy innocence !
Thy hardest fate, to him who feels aright,
Is better than the best reward of guilt.—
But does not duty bid, and self-defence,
That I reveal this secret ?—Were there proof
Sufficient, that might be the case. But here
My tale would gain small credit—and perhaps
She may repent. Let me not then destroy
The peace of my kind lord with fruitless zeal.
Let me to Heav'n submit th' event, and pray
For constancy to bear whate'er befalls. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A M E N T H E *and* M E T H U R A.

A M E N T H E.

Yes ! he did eye me with disdain ! did flee
As from a poisonous thing !

C 3

M E T H U R A.

METHURA.

Yet be appeas'd,
 Sweet lady, all at length may be repair'd.
 Thy charms, and patience, must subdue the heart
 Of this obdurate.

A M E N T H E.

Peace! O, name him not—
 Upon thy duty name him not. The thought
 Strikes daggers in my soul!

METHURA.

I own his guilt.
 I see just cause for hate; but yet methinks
 Something may still be urg'd in his defence:
 A heart unpractis'd in the ways of love;
 A reverence towards thy station; perhaps dread
 Left thou should'st mean to try him, and betray.

A M E N T H E.

Vain thought! each look, each trembling accent,
 shew'd
 Too well my feeling heart; and must have rous'd
 Aught but aversion to a sense of love.—
 Wretch! thou didst first deceive me, and thou first
 Shalt feel my vengeance.—Thy perfidious tongue
 Assur'd me of a kind return—thy eyes,
 Yes thou didst vainly boast, thy prying eyes
 Could read the very secret of his soul.

O more

O more than idiot to believe thy boast !
 To trust my' unsullied honour in the hands
 Of one, who basely meant to make a prey
 Of her deluded mistress ! Thy false arts
 Increas'd, inflamed, nay first a being gave
 To this detested passion. Thou didst paint,
 In every colour fitted to seduce
 The firmest mind, his noble spirit, his worth,
 His gentleness, his honour. Cursed fiend,
 Pluck out this fatal phantom from my soul,
 Or dogs shall tear thy limbs.

M E T H U R A.

O woe is me,
 Thus to offend whom I did mean to serve !

A M E N T H E.

Yes, monster, thou hast serv'd me', and shalt receive
 Such wages as thy services require.

M E T H U R A.

Thou know'st I long oppos'd.

A M E N T H E.

Long ! What hast thou
 To plead for not opposing to the last ?
 Thou hadst no passion ! What hast thou to plead ?

S O N G.

Abhorred traitress, shun my sight,
 Ne'er blast these eyes again ;

C 4

Thou

Thou, thou hast poison'd all delight;
Go triumph in my pain.

METHURA.

O! on my knees I do beseech thee strive
To recollect, to be again thyself.
Consider well thy danger. On the brink
Of a dread precipice thou standest.

A M E N T H E.

Wretch,
'Tis false—By thee conducted, once indeed
Upon the brink I stood. But thy vile hand
Has shov'd me off, has hurl'd me headlong down
Into this depth of woe. Shame and contempt,
Contempt from a base slave is now my lot.

METHURA.

O were this all!

A M E N T H E.

What horrors hast thou more?—
Speak out the worst, I am prepared.

METHURA.

Reflect
That on his honour now thy life depends;
And from an idiot so precise, so tame,
So void of feeling for thy heavenly charms,
What honour can be hop'd for? I must own
I have been much deceiv'd. O trust him not,

Believe

Believe me, but prevent his fatal tale.
Be thou th'accuser.

A M E N T H E.

Horrid thought !

M E T H U R A.

Yet he

Or thou must fall.

A M E N T H E. ?

I am already fall'n—

I cannot lower be—the loss of life,
What were it but a boon to be desired?

A M E N T H E. .

Ah ! but to lose thy fair repute ; to leave
A stain upon thy babes ; perhaps still worse——

A M E N T H E.

I understand thee. Rack not thus my brain ;
O drive me not to madness !

S O N G.

Ah me ! I see them helpless, poor,
Forfaken, beg from door to door,
Naked on the cold ground they lie ;
I hear them groan—they faint—they die.

M E T H U R A.

Forgive my forward zeal. Deepest concern

Forces

Forces this from me. Can I see unmov'd
Thy danger?—Ere thy husband does return,
Something must be resolv'd.

A M E N T H E.

Yes, something must—
Tell him my heart is broken—tell him all—
Tell what thou wilt.

M E T H U R A.

There is but one resource,
And that has been rejected.

A M E N T H E.

Be it then—
Thou art become my mistress—be it then—
O horrid resolution!

M E T H U R A.

Call it just,
If vengeance be allow'd, if self-defence.—

S C E N E IV.

M E S S E N G E R.

M E S S E N G E R.

The minstrelsy appointed to attend,
And celebrate this festival, is now
Prepar'd and waits thy presence.

A M E N T H E.

A M E N T H E.

Well—I come.

Unnatural mixture ! Woe with sounds of joy !

Guilt with devotion ! But I must submit ;

And let these minstrels mock me with their mirth.

[A M E N T H E and M E T H U R A go out.]

S C E N E V.

*Scene opens and discovers AMENTHE, METHURA,
Priests, Musicians, Attendants, &c. about an altar,
on which frankincense is burning.*

S O N G.

Sirius, rise, with golden ray
Rise. Bring on th'expected day ;
Such as when this glorious plan,
Stars and planets first began.

S C E N E VI.

Enters a Messenger.

M E S S E N G E R.

Lo ! he appears. His ruddy hue proclaims
Fertility to Ægypt.

P R I E S T.

Tune we now

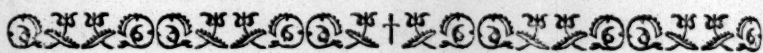
Our voices to the God who rules the year,

And

And wheels the planets round his central fire.

CHORUS.

Osiris, by whose vigorous beams
The sacred soil of Ægypt teems ;
Whose plastic vertu first gave birth
To every living form on earth ;
Accept these offerings at thy shrine ;
Faint shadows of thy light divine.



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

POTIPHAR, METHURA, Attendants.

POTIPHAR.

WHere is thy mistress? Wherefore comes she not
As she was wont, to welcome my return?
And meet these longing arms?

METHURA.

Her present state
Must plead in her defence.

POTIPHAR.

Has aught befall'n?
Does sickness hinder?

METHURA.

J O S E P H. ' 29

METHURA.

Sickness of the mind,
That worst of all diseases.

POTIPHAR.

It has long
Griev'd me to see her with such downcast eyes
Pine without cause, and therefore without cure.

METHURA.

Were there indeed no cause!

POTIPHAR.

Dost thou then know
From whence this melancholy? Tell it quick,
And she shall be reliev'd, if love has power
To find a cure. Speak out the cause.

METHURA.

Those words
Were but at random spoke: I cannot think
One bless'd with all the goods which she enjoys,
Should pine without strong reason.

POTIPHAR.

Rack me not,
Tell what thou know'st; for thou dost something
know.

METHURA.

I might offend perhaps. 'Twere better far
Thou hear it from herself.

POTIPHAR.

POTIPHAR.

Fear not. Speak out.

METHURA.

I must obey. The man whom thou hast placed
Nearest thy bosom.

POTIPHAR.

What of him?

METHURA.

I dread

To tell the shocking tale. That favour'd man—

POTIPHAR.

Who? Joseph?

METHURA.

He himself boldly presumed

To tempt Amenthe's virtue.

POTIPHAR.

Can it be,

That such a harden'd villain should exist?

So lost to sense of shame! From her own mouth
His guilt must be confirm'd ere I believe—
Amenthe shall have ample justice done. [Exit.

METHURA.

Grant her, ye Gods, but firmness!—should those
qualms,

Those nauseous qualms of conscience now return,
I am undone for ever.—Oh the curse
To serve a love-sick baby! [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

POTIPHAR, AMENTHE.

POTIPHAR.

My fair, my injur'd spouse, raise up those eyes.
The cause of grief shall be remov'd. I've heard
The story from Methura. With amaze
I heard it, and require that thou attest.

AMENTHE.

Forgive me when I own, my Lord, that long
I've had suspicions. Duty bids me tell
What I could wish for ever might be hid
From all, but chiefly thee. My falt'ring tongue
Scarce does its office, when I own that long
I've had suspicions of this wicked man.
From hence that gloom which hung upon my mind,
And made thee often chide. What should I do?
Accuse him without ample proof, perhaps
Without sufficient reason? Should I bear
Unnotic'd his strange conduct? and give room
For bolder practice? Thoughts like these have oft
Perplex'd my wavering mind. But yester night—
I tremble when I think on't—shew'd too well—

POTIPHAR.

He did not offer violence!

AMENTHE.

A M E N T H E.

In fact

I cannot say he did. But his wild looks—
 O I shall ne'er forget them—and his words
 Alarm'd me so that in my fright I scream'd,
 And in Methura enter'd.

P O T I P H A R.

Curfed slave,

Thy life shall pay the offence. Bid him come here.

A M E N T H E.

My Lord, I humbly beg in this affair
 My presence be excus'd. These feeble nerves
 Would ill support his fight.

P O T I P H A R.

Thou art excus'd,

It is but just.

[Exit AMENTHE.]

S C E N E III.

O it does sting me here
 To find the very man in whom my soul
 Had placed its confidence, whom like a son
 I lov'd and cherish'd, so perfidious prove.

S O N G.

Ah! wherefore do the Gods bestow
 On minds so foul, so fair a show?

Ah!

Ah! wherefore do they not impart
Some note to read the lurking heart?

False villain for thy sake i shall suspect
Henceforth each form of goodness. Thou hast kill'd
The seeds of faith and kindness in my soul.

S C E N E IV.

J O S E P H *enters.*

Why hast thou not appear'd before?

J O S E P H.

My Lord,

I did not know of thy return.

P O T I P H A R.

Perhaps

Thou didst not wish it.

J O S E P H.

Can i have a thought

That suits so ill my duty?

P O T I P H A R.

Once indeed

I did not think thou cou'dst.

J O S E P H.

Thy dubious words

Startle and confound me.

D

P O T I P H A R.

POTIPHAR.

It should seem from thence
 Thou wert not quite abandon'd. Yet thy deeds
 Too fully prove it. Know then i have seen
 Amenthe. She has told me all.

JOSEPH.

My Lord!—

POTIPHAR.

Yes, villain, she has told me that thou daredst
 Solicit her with love. Ungrateful slave,
 I rais'd thee from the dust. I gave thee rank
 Above thy fellows, trusted to thy faith
 My house, my fortunes. O what a return
 For these kind favors! Could no robbery
 Content thy towering spirit but this worst—
 This basest—this most cruel——thou hadst power
 To plunder me at will, to feast on spoils
 Gain'd by my weakness, and amidst a gang
 Of men like thee laugh at my easy faith.
 This thou hadst power to do. But this it seems
 Was not enough.—What punishment must then
 Be due to such a wretch?

JOSEPH.

Could i indeed
 Have dealt so basely, none the laws ordain

Had

Had been sufficient.

POTIPHAR.

Darest thou then deny
A fact attested by Amenthe's self?

JOSEPH.

My Lord, i must deny a charge so false,
Whoe'er attests it.—Gracious God, who see'st
The secrets of all hearts, and soon or late
Dost never fail to punish guilt, from thee
I dare to call for vengeance, if my lips
Pronounce a falsehood. Never from this tongue
Did word proceed, never with in this heart
Was thought conceiv'd, that tended to defile
The bed of Potiphar.

POTIPHAR.

If oaths avail'd,
Guilt would be sure to escape.

JOSEPH.

Yet innocence
Must use them, or betray itself. 'Twere just——

POTIPHAR.

Nay, plead no more. 'Tis but in vain, thy doom
Is fix'd upon conviction.—Thou shalt learn
In prison, if a wretch like thee can learn,
To grow more wise and humble, since this house
Has made thee thus forget thyself and me. [*Exit.*

D 2

S C E N E

This even exceeds my fears. O dreadful stroke!
 Imprison'd, deem'd a villain, of defence
 Cut off by honour—wherefore was i dragg'd
 Forth from that pit? wherefore not left to die
 As my deluded brethren once decreed?
 Yes, ye had sav'd me from this worse distress,
 Had not your hearts relented.—Can that God
 Who drew me thence, who with a pitying eye—
 What does this vision mean? Methinks the gates
 Of heaven are open'd. Bright angelic forms
 Seem to descend, like what my reverend Sire
 Beheld at Bethel.—From their golden wings
 The fragrant breeze shook off around me plays,
 And cheers my spirits. Hail, propitious guests,
 That deign to visit thus a wretch so low.

S C E N E VI.

A N G E L S.

Joseph, we come to raise thee up. Fear not.

S O N G.

Providence by secret ways,
 Ways which seem to thwart the end,

Guides

Guides man thro' a wondrous maze,
Brings him where his wishes tend.
Wisdom then should boldly tread
Paths where faith and virtue lead.

True thou hast lost a powerful friend; but he
And all the nobles of the land shall bow
In reverence towards thee. Thou henceforth shalt
serve

Their Lord supreme. Shalt under him preside
O'er Ægypt and its provinces. With tears
Thy brethren shall confess their guilt. Thy fire
Shall bless those eyes once more, and thou shalt save
The chosen seed of Israel in distress.

C H O R U S.

Lo! Israel's God,
Whose powerful nod
Directs the raging seas,
Makes the blind will
Of man fulfil
His just and wise decrees.

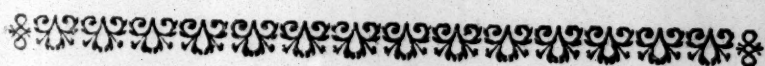
T H E E N D.



M O S E S

A N D

Z I P P O R A H.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MOSES.

JETHRO, Priest of Midian.

ZIPPORAH, } Daughters of Jethro.

MILCAH,

Sisters of Zipporah.

Attendants.



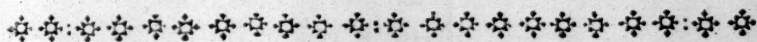
A R G U M E N T.

Now the Priest of Midian had seven daughters; and they came, and drew water, and filled the troughs, to water their father's flock—and the shepherds came and drove them away: but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock.—And when they came to Reuel, their father, he said, How is it that ye came so soon this day?—And they said, An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and also drew water enough for us, and watered the flock.—And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may eat bread.—And Moses was content to dwell with the man: and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter. Exod. ii. 16—21.

MOSES



MOSES and ZIPPORAH.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

ZIPPORAH, MILCAH, *and other* Sisters.

ZIPPORAH.

WHERE is the youth?

MILCAH.

He tends the flock hard by.

ZIPPORAH.

Come then, fair sisters, let us to yon mead

Retire, and under shade enjoy the breeze.

Lo! there the stately lilly, richly clad,

Vies with the robes of kings; the fragrant rose

Glow with a virgin blush. There let us cull

The

42 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

The choicest product of the blooming year
To deck our tresses.

S Ò N G.

Short-liv'd glories of the meads,
Let us bind you round our heads.
Fading, warn us of our doom ;
Shew the date of youthful bloom.

1 CHORUS.

But ah ! with the returning year
Ye with fresh glow again appear ;
While beauty, when it once decays,
Ne'er knows, alas ! a second blaze.

MILCAH.

If dreams advise aright, and dreams do oft
Advise aright, the garlands wove this day
Shall form thy bridal crown.

ZIPPORAH.

Fie, simple maid,
Talk not thus wildly. Thou thyself dost know
It cannot be. No suitor yet has gain'd
My reverend fire's consent.

MILCAH.

Yet he, thou know'st,
He too has been forewarn'd ; and all accords
With

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 43

With what my dream suggests.

S O N G.

I saw the swain ; thy cheek did glow
While he thy hand with ardor prest ;
Thy downcast eyes, which seem'd to throw
A meaning glance, the flame confest.
Trust me, sweet maid, these ears ere long
With joy shall hear thy bridal song.

Z I P P O R A H.

Nay, prithee cease ; i do beseech thee, cease
These idle fancies. See, the towering pine
Extends its waving branches, and presents
A refuge from the sun's too powerful ray :
Beneath its hospitable shade let's sit,
And view those streams that from the mountain's brow
In foaming eddies rush ; through beds of stone
Work with tumultuous roar, and dash their spray
Upon the brouzing goat, that overhead
Hangs fearless on the nodding shrub ; while near
Hovers around the towering bird of prey,
And seems to float on waves of air. Methinks
I long to sit upon that mossy bank,
And for a while forget the world.

M I L C A H.

44 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

MILCAH.

Thy mind
Seems bent on musing more than it was wont :
The sprightly dance was once thy only care,
And every level green, like this, would tempt
Thy nimble foot to tread the' harmonious maze ;
Then why not now, while the gay season smiles !

S O N G.

Groves, and fields, and meadows, ring
With the songsters of the spring ;
Listen to the sprightly quire,
They will mirth, will joy inspire :
Age may teach to fit and muse ;
Youth should gayer thoughts infuse.

ZIPPORAH.

There is a time for all things. Nature claims
A share of our regard. When thus she decks
Earth's fairest, sweetest lap, with hand profuse,
She did not mean that man should slight her charms,
As if beneath his notice.

S O N G.

Silent nature oft conveys
Wisdom to the musing mind ;

While

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 45

While her beauties she displays,
Every passion grows refin'd.

CHORUS.

She the wings of fancy prunes,
And the jarring world attunes.

MILCAH.

Hark! whence that tumult! did not a strange noise
Strike on my ear!

ZIPPORAH.

There did! I heard the flock
Bleating, as if disturb'd! they seem to fly
In wild confusion!

MILCAH.

Ha! i hear the voice
Of murderous outcry!—From the mountain's top
Some robbers are descended!—Gracious Heav'n,
Where shall we fly!—What refuge can be found
In this lone desert!

ZIPPORAH.

All seems calm again.
'Twas but, perhaps, a false alarm.

MILCAH.

Ah! no:

The youth is slain—the youth is surely slain!—
I heard his voice distinctly cry for help.—
The savages are masters of the flock,

And

46 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

And will ere long be ours.—Haste—let us fly—
By flight alone we can escape their hands.

S O N G.

Trembling limbs do not betray—
Bear, oh ! bear me safe away—
Lo ! he comes—his savage air
Blasts my eyefight—breathes despair.

Enter MOSES.

MOSES.

Stop, fairest maidens. Fly not thus ; but turn,
And view in me no foe.

ZIPPORAH.

We do submit
To thy superior force. We yield the flock,
As thine by right of conquest ; but implore
Thy mercy towards our feeble sex.

MOSES.

Your flock
Is safe ; and for yourselves, those charms divine
Must prove a sure defence. Kind heaven bestow'd,
When it bestow'd them, the securest shield
Gainst all but brutal violence.

S O N G.

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 47

S O N G.

Ruffians have been known to feel ;
Known to drop the murdering steel,
While with wonder and amaze
They rever'd bright beauty's rays.
Beauty's empire was design'd
To subdue the savage mind.

Ye mistake,

I am not what ye think. If 'tis allow'd
To boast, and ease at once your anxious minds,
I am content to boast, that this right hand
Deliver'd you and yours. Ye heard no doubt
The cry, and this alarmed you. From yon hills
A gang of robbers, by their savage looks
Such they appear'd, and dress, rush'd on the flock.
The youth who tended fled, and cried aloud
For help. I heard, i flew with utmost speed
To rescue, and success has crown'd th'attempt.
Happy' in protecting innocence from force ;
From lawless, savage force. Yet happier still,
In guarding beauty join'd with innocence.
Such is my boast.

ZIPPORAH.

O ! how shall gratitude
Find words to pay such service ?

S O N G.

48 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH,

S O N G.

For deeds like this the laurel wreath
Was form'd to grace the conqueror's brow ;
Heroes do ne'er the sword unsheath,
When justice does not urge the blow.

C H O R U S.

These are the triumphs of the truly great ;
On these immortal praise and glory wait.

M O S E S.

It is too much, fair maidens, ye o'erpay
When ye acknowledge thus.

Z I P P O R A H.

Nay something more

Is due for such a deed. We have a fire ;
He lives not far from hence. Permit us then,
Kind stranger, to conduct thee to his house,
Where thou wilt be receiv'd, as does become
A guest of thy desert, and such a host.

M O S E S.

Sweet maid, so fair an offer leaves no choice
To one in my condition. In his race
I read thy noble fire, and cannot doubt
To find in him, what i most need, a friend,
And kind protector. Gracious God, thou oft
Hast led me by the hand thro' various scenes

Of

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 49

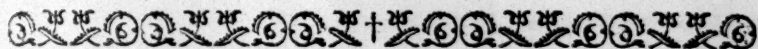
Of danger, from my childhood to this day,
And now perchance hast pointed out a place
Of refuge, and wilt turn my woes to joy.

S O N G.

Let not innocence repine,
By affliction's waves oppress;
Storms shall at the nod divine
Sink again at once to rest.

C H O R U S.

For lo! all power is his
In heav'n, earth, and abyss;
All things do but fulfil
His just and mighty will.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

MOSES, JETHRO, ZIPPORAH, MILCAH, &c.

J E T H R O.

KIND' stranger, thou art welcome. Of thy
worth

Inform'd by these, whom thy heroic hand

E

Preserved

50 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

Preserved in peril, with a feeling heart
 I greet thy coming: Thou may'st justly claim
 Whate'er a fond and tender parent owes
 For such a benefit. Nor this alone
 Inclines me, but thy noble presence adds
 A fresh and powerful motive to confer
 Each token of esteem and deep regard.

MOSES.

The praise of doing what my duty bade
 Is all that i can claim, all i can wish.

S O N G.

Those garlands, which the good bestow,
 Shine with the brightest glow;
 Excite the heart to worthy deeds,
 Excel all other meeds.

JETHRO.

Of this some fitter time we'll talk at large.—
 The hour of sacrifice does now draw on,
 Which daily we perform. 'Tis in thy choice
 Or to partake, or not, as suits thy will.
 Know then, that in the righteous steps of Noah
 We tread, as by our holy fathers taught
 From age to age.

S O N G.

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 51

S O N G.

Man, by fraud or folly driven,
Dares to quit the laws of Heav'n ;
We, instructed from his throne,
Those obey, and those alone ;
On Jehovah fix our eyes,
And all other Gods despise.

M O S E S.

No other law i know
But what thou followest, and with joy shall join
In thy religious rites.

J E T H R O.

Enough. Bid then
Th' attendants enter. Zipporah, do thou
In chorus with thy sisters join, and hymn
Thanksgiving for deliverance.

C H O R U S.

Thy works, Jehovah, day by day
Call for our praises without end ;
Lo ! we the silent call obey,
Look down then, and thy blessing send.

S O N G. D U E T.

Accept these breathings of the heart,
That warm with sense of mercy flow ;

E 2

When

52 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

When thy right hand did aid impart,
And sav'd us from the dreadful foe.

C H O R U S.

Accept, great Source of Power,
These breathings of the heart;
And in the dangerous hour
For ever aid impart.

J E T H R O.

Stranger, permit me to indulge a wish,
And deem me not too curious, when I ask
Thy country's name, thy story', and what kind chance
(For so it proves to me) has led thee here.

M O S E S.

Thy wish shall be obey'd, as is most just,
Though it does sting my heart with sharpest pang
To own i have no country. That dear name
Slaves have no right to. O ! the misery
To live in bondage !

S O N G.

Happiness can only grow
Where fair Freedom does reside ;
Slaves no taste of joy e'er know,
Victims of caprice and pride.
While such scenes before me rise,
Tears o'erflow these mournful eyes.

Thou,

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 53

Thou, no doubt, hast heard
Of Israel's bondage in a foreign land.
From thence thy servant sprung.

JETHRO.

Fame has not fail'd
To bring us tidings of that holy race,
And partly of their sufferings. But proceed.

MOSES.

Long time they flourish'd under Ægypt's kings,
And wax'd exceeding mighty, like the sands
Upon the shore for number; till at length
State-jealousy prevail'd, and urg'd our foes
To deal with us most cruelly. They plac'd
Oppressive masters over us. They made
Our lives most bitter, and bow'd down our necks
With every servile work. Yet still we grew
Beneath oppression. This increas'd the fears
Of jealous Pharaoh. By one cruel stroke,
Worthy of such a monster, he essayed
To cut off all our future hopes, and strength;
The midwives were enjoin'd to slay each male
Of Abraham's race.

JETHRO.

O! most inhuman wretch!

E 3 CHORUS.

54 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

C H O R U S.

Detested dragon of the Nile !
Whom blood of infants doth defile ;
The earth shall from thy stench be freed ;
For know, dire vengeance is decreed.

Thou say'st, the midwives were enjoin'd to slay
Each male of Abraham's race, by Pharaoh's law,
What was the issue ?

MOSES.

I myself here stand
A proof, that God defeated a design
So stain'd with blackest guilt. But 'twere too long
And needless, to relate each circumstance
Attending on my birth, and strange escape
In earliest infancy.

ZIPPORAH.

Nay, tell the whole,
And grudge us not that pleasure. Thou dost know,
If thou know'st aught of woman, that our sex
Feels no delight more strong, than from a tale ;
But chiefly one of danger and distress.

S O N G.

Weak woman's heart delights to know
The pangs, that from compassion flow ;
The

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 55

The melting tear becomes her eye,
Her tender breast the heaving sigh.
While thus we feel for others' grief,
We give at once and gain relief.

M O S E S.

It ill would suit my duty, fairest maid,
Not to comply with every wish, that springs
Within thy mind. Know then, that full three months
My tender mother hid me from the search
Of Pharaoh's ruffians; but, when all resource
Of safety now was lost, she form'd an ark
Of rushes, wrought with curious skill; therein
She plac'd her darling babe, and on the brink
Of Nile she laid me.

S O N G.

Weeping, upon the brink I lay,
To ravenous birds and beasts a prey;
Kind Heaven with pity view'd my state,
And snatch'd me from impending fate.

Pharaoh's daughter chanc'd
To pass that way; compassion touch'd her heart,
And to her female train she gave command
To draw me forth. Thence with a mother's care

E 4

She

56 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

She watch'd my childhood, nor omitted aught
Needful for body' or mind ; and from my fate
She nam'd me Moses. Providence thus fav'd
Thy servant from destruction ; for what end
Heaven only knows ; but something prompts me on,
Something within does tell me i was born
To free the race of Israel.

J E T H R O.

Strong impulse
Implies strong powers ; for he who gives th' impulse
Gives it for some great purpose.

M O S E S.

Let that be
As Heav'n decrees : but one day, as i spy'd
An Israelite inhumanly oppress'd
By an Ægyptian villain, in I rush'd ;
I slew th' oppressor, and for safety fled.

J E T H R O.

Here thou hast found it ; and, if such thy will,
Here thou shalt fix thy dwelling.

S O N G.

Wherefore has bounteous Heaven bestow'd
On me, its servant, all this good ?
Mountains, that numerous flocks afford,
Rich pastures, that with herds are stor'd ?

But

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 57

But that it meant by me to bless
Neglected virtue in distress.

I have heard
Of thee, and of thy noble spirit, before.
In visions i have seen thee, have been warn'd
That thou wouldst come, and wer't by Providence
Ordain'd to be my son.—Consider then—
Behold these maidens, whom thy valorous arm
Protected from the ruffians. Make a choice
Amongst them all, and she is thine, with dower
As ample as my means admit.

MOSES.

Kind host,
Thy goodness overwhelms me, and the choice
Might well confound, amongst so many fair :
But this demands the preference ; with her first
I held sweet converse ; from her lovely eyes
First felt the soft impression.

JETHRO.

Zipporah,
Attend thy father's words :—If in thy heart
Thou feelest no reluctance, in this youth
Behold thy future husband.

ZIPPORAH.

From the time
That

58 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

That reason dawn'd within my mind, I have known
No will but thine.

S O N G.

Duty bids me, choice does lead,
To fulfil thy sage decrees ;
Youth, that does with wisdom tread,
Treads the paths of life with ease.

J E T H R O.

Moses, behold thy bride.
To-morrow shall compleat thy wish. Mean while,
Thou, Zipporah, prepare whate'er is fit
For such a day ; and let thy sisters join
Their friendly hands.

M I L C A H.

Thy will shall be obey'd.

C H O R U S.

Ere Aurora streaks the east,
We'll prepare the bridal feast ;
Voice, with harp and dance combin'd,
Shall to joy exalt the mind.

ACT

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 59

A C T III.

MILCAH, *some of the Sisters, and Attendants.*

MILCAH.

AWAKE, arise, behold the morning star
Grows dim. Aurora, o'er yon eastern hill,
Spreads out her saffron robe. The bridegroom waits,
Fair Zipporah, and will chide thy tardy steps.
Come forth, and with the glow of beauty bless
His longing eyes, array'd in gay attire,
And shining with full lustre. See prepar'd
The garland form'd of every choicest flower
That decks the gaudy field.

S O N G.

Haste, fair virgin, haste away,
Lest the bridegroom chide thy stay ;
Lo ! the woodbine, and the rose,
Long to kiss thy lovely brows.
Gums, and woods of odorous grain,
Waste for thee their sweets in vain.

CHORUS.

Lo ! our hands have rais'd the bower,
Deck'd it for the nuptial hour ;

Haste

60 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

Haste then, virgin, haste away,
Lest the bridegroom chide thy stay.

Enter ZIPPORAH, with other Sisters.

ZIPPORAH.

With trembling heart, lo! i obey thy call.

MILCAH.

Does thy heart tremble at a scene of joy?

ZIPPORAH.

It seems indeed a scene of joy to those,
Who view it at a distance; but when near
It bears a solemn face.

MILCAH.

Yet might i judge
By every tender look I saw thee glance
Upon the youth, thy heart was not averse
From this conclusion.

ZIPPORAH.

I must own indeed,
Thou didst not judge amiss. His noble air,
His gentleness, his courage stole my heart
At our first interview. His moving tale
Help'd to compleat the victory. But still
The serious mind will shudder, when it thinks
On such an act, as now impends. For life!—
O! what

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 61

O ! what a dreadful thought ! One act this day
Will fix my fate for life ! and who can tell
What that may prove !

S O N G.

Fond love does in our youthful prime,
A veil o'er every blemish cast,
But the rough hand of searching Time
Ne'er suffers the deceit to last.
When thoughts like these invade the breast,
What harbour can be found for rest ?

All thoughtless as thou seem'st,
When the dread hour approaches, thou shalt feel
What I now feel.

M I L C A H.

Nay, spoil not thus our mirth
With vain surmises. Fear is now too late,
And should have then prevail'd, when thy prompt
tongue
Pronounc'd consent. But see ! the bridegroom comes
To drive this gloom away.

C H O R U S.

Behold he comes with eager pace,
Like the swift roe to thy embrace !

His

62 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

His raven locks sweet odors shed,
And play in ringlets round his head.

Enter MOSES.

MOSES.

My fair, my spouse,
Lift up those eyes that with the morning star
May vie for brightness. Make thy Moses blest
With heart as well as hand.

ZIPPORAH. ↓

My Lord, this hand
Goes not but with my heart. 'Twere sacrilege,
Or worse, to rob thee of that chiefest right.
Yet, O! excuse a virgin's fears, which time
And thy tried worth will dissipate.

MOSES.

If love,
If gratitude avails, thou art secure.

S O N G.

Lend, my fair one, lend no ear,
Yield not to such false alarms;
Yet methinks thy very fear
Adds fresh beauty to those charms.

Enter JETHRO.

Good morn, my Lord; thy sanction now alone

Is

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 63

Is wanting to compleat this happy day.

JETHRO.

That sanction thou desirest shall be given.

Is all prepared?

MILCAH.

All as thou didst enjoin.

After the Marriage-Ceremony is over, follows

DUET. MOSES and ZIPPORAH.

By the bonds of law divine,

By the tender ties of love,

Hands and hearts we freely join;

Kind and faithful we will prove.

Love and duty bind us fast;

May the sacred union last!

CHORUS.

Love and duty bind you fast;

May the sacred union last!

JETHRO.

God of our fathers, whose all-potent will

Did call forth this fair scene of things; whose breath,

Pregnant with life, did from the shapeless dust

Our two first parents raise; whose pure decree

Did bind them in firm union, with command

To increase and multiply—to Thee, great God,

I lift my hands—send down upon this pair

Thy

64 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

Thy choicest blessings ! sanctify their hearts
To pure affection ! grant that hate and strife
Ne'er interrupt their peace ! and O ! if such
Thy gracious will to bless them with increase,
May all their thoughts be bent to form a race
Devoted to thy wise and holy laws !

A L L.

Be it as thou hast said ! May Heaven confirm
Thy pious wishes !

C H O R U S.

Let thy will the fiat give,
Gracious God, to this our prayer !
May they long and happy live ;
Patterns for each human pair !

M O S E S.

Jethro, may Heaven return to thee tenfold
The favour thou hast now conferr'd on me !
Fair Zipporah, possessing thee, i gain
More than i lost ; yea, more than i could lose
In quitting Ægypt. Thou hast brought in dower
With beauty freedom. Thou hast made me know
What 'tis to have a home, a place of rest,
Not subject to a master's will.

ZIPPORAH.

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 65

ZIPPORAH.

My Lord,
Duty, regard, and interest, all combine
To lead me the right way ; and i shall strive
To make that home most pleasing, and relieve
Thy rural labours.

S O N G.

Whilst the flocks at noon-tide rest,
I'll prepare the savoury feast ;
Choiceſt berries ſhall afford
Grateful draughts to cheer thy board :
When thy locks with evening dew,
Dropping loſe their gloſſy hue,
Gums ſhall ſhed their ſweet perfume,
And thy locks their grace reſume.

JETHRO.

Daughter, thou haſt ſpoke
As well becomes thy ſex ; but know that he
For higher ſcenes was born than thou doſt dream.
For lo ! the Angel of the Lord appears :
I ſee his form diſtinct : Lo ! he appears
In flames of fire on Horeb's neighbouring top,
And beckons Moſes ; who, with feet unſhod,
Draws near with reverence towards the holy place.

F S O N G.

66 MOSES AND ZIPPORAH.

S O N G.

Hark ! hark ! a voice i hear ;
It sooths and fills the ear.
Its sounds are full of grace,
To Israel's mournful race.

Of grace to Israel ; but of woe to thee,
Deluded Ægypt. Rivers flow with blood ;
The fields are strew'd with carcases ; the sea
Swallows up horses, men, and warlike cars.

S O N G.

Jehovah nods, and lo !
The waters cease to flow ;
Upright in heaps they stand ;
They hear his high command.

Upon the neighbouring plain in march appears
A numerous multitude : Before them goes
A pillar of a cloud. My eyes, my ears,
Enough have feasted. Lo ! the vision ends
Mysterious, yet with hope and faith full fraught,
And trust in thee, Jehovah.

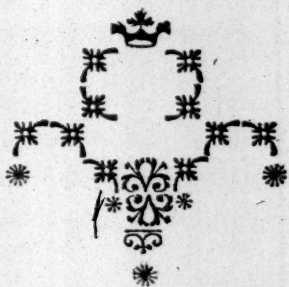
CHORUS

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH. 67

CHORUS.

All things depend on thy decrees,
Which far surpass the views of man ;
Thy piercing eye thro' ages sees,
And forms one great and wondrous plan.
Hallelujah !

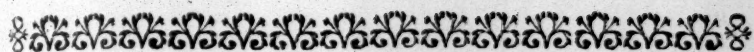
T H E E N D.



82

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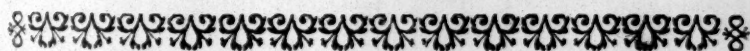
83



D A V I D

A N D

B A T H S H E B A .



F 3

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAVID.

JONADAB his Nephew.

NATHAN.

BATHSHEBA.

Messenger from JOAB.

BATHSHEBA'S Maid.

Israelites, Men and Women.



DAVID and BATHSHEBA.



A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

DAVID and Israelites.

C H O R U S.

ARISE, O Lord, as in the days of yore,
Strengthen our arm against our foes and thine!
Let the proud Ammonite exult no more !
O let them feel the weight of wrath divine!

JONADAB *enters.*

DAVID.

Well, ye may go. (*To the Israelites.*)

No news from Rabbah, Jonadab?

F 4

JONADAB.

72 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

JONADAB.

My Lord,

None since Uriah went.

DAVID.

I wonder much

Whence this delay ! To an unusual length
This siege draws out ! the country round subdued,
And their best troops defeated ! Joab's arm
In former times us'd not to linger thus.—
When sawest thou Bathsheba ?

JONADAB.

My Lord, but now

I parted from her.

DAVID.

Does she seem more calm ?

JONADAB.

As yet i find no change. She still laments
Her lost condition ; every art i tried
To comfort her, but all in vain.

DAVID.

I too

Have sooth'd, have argued, flatter'd, and reprov'd :
But to no purpose ; she persists in grief.

JONADAB.

This is the frame of woman : all the force
Of reason acts, but like a breath of air .

Oppos'd

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 73

Oppos'd against their passions.

DAVID.

Give not o'er
Thy efforts. Thou, if any man, can't ease
Her anxious mind. None better knows than thou
The secret mazes of a woman's heart.

JONADAB.

Thy servant shall obey. But time, my Lord,
Is what I trust to. That perhaps may work
The wish'd-for cure ere long.

S O N G.

Thus the female mind is made,
Nor long stormy, nor serene.
Not unlike the chequer'd shade,
Spots of light with gloom between:
Quick succeeding hopes and fears,
Shine in smiles, or lower in tears.

DAVID.

Yet do thy utmost; for it pains me much
To find her thus dejected and distressed.

Go, let her know I'll come. [Exit JONADAB.]

S C E N E II.

She well may claim

This

74 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA,

This duty at my hands ; from me alone
 Her misery arises. She withstood
 Long time with resolution, all that love,
 That tenderness could urge, and gave at last
 But forc'd consent. O could I ease her woe !
 O could I quell her tears !—I wonder much
 No news is come from Rabbah ! Joab sure
 Would not neglect an order so precise,
 So strongly urg'd, much less forget to send
 Notice when executed. On this death,
 And not on time my happiness depends.

S O N G.

Since death alone can cure her grief,
 Alone can ease her troubled heart,
 May I for her procure relief,
 And bear myself the guilty part !

[Exit DAVID.

SCENE III. BATHSHEBA'S *Apartment.*

BATHSHEBA and Maids.

BATHSHEBA.

Oh ! no ;—he hates, he loaths me ; cease to fill
 My mind with such delusions.

S O N G.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 75

SONG. CHIEF MAID.

Vain fears distract thy mind,
Thy husband still is kind;
He dar'd not trust thy charms
Amidst the din of arms,
His absence did but serve to prove
How much he knew the force of love.

CHORUS.

A soldier's life
Is full of strife;
To thoughts of tenderness he must not yield,
Love chills the veins,
Love checks the reins,
When duty calls the warrior to the field.

BATHSHEBA.

Ye may retire.

SCENE IV.

DAVID *enters*.

DAVID.

How fares my Bathsheba?

BATHSHEBA.

As one, my Lord, in whom some inward wound
Rankles incurable.

DAVID.

76 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

DAVID.

O change that stile !

It misbecomes thee. Fairest Bathsheba,
Such features were not made to moan. Those eyes
Were not design'd for weeping. Let them shine
With all that lustre, which kind nature meant,
And make beholders happy.

S O N G.

When on thy face,
With heavenly grace,
The smile enchanting plays,
Not Sharon's rose
So sweetly glows,
Or darts such vivid rays.
Thy lips exceed
The scarlet thread :
Thy dovelike eyes
The heart surprize.

Resume thy native beauty then, nor let
Thy clouded face unseemly discord keep
With all those wonderous charms of shape and limbs,
Which struck me with amazement, when i first
Beheld thee from the terrass.

BATHSHEBA.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 77

BATHSHEBA.

Good my Lord,

Touch not on that, i do beseech. There lies
The source of all my wretchedness. That hour
Undid me. But for that i had remain'd
Most happy in Uriah's love ; obscure
'Tis true, unknown, unnotic'd by a king,
So great and glorious ; but had spent my days
In innocence, the source of bliss.

DAVID.

My fair,

Nought shall be wanting, that can give thee joy ;
And, since thy heart seems bent on him, he too
Shall share with thee all that a king can grant
To a first favorite. He shall be advanc'd
To wealth, to fame, to glory.

S O N G.

Power shall draw her dazzling veil
O'er this scene, which makes thee weep ;
Thou shalt change thy mournful tale,
Jealousy shall learn to sleep.

BATHSHEBA.

All is vain ;

Thy power, my Lord, is vain ; thou saw'st thyself
What

78 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

What bare suspicion wrought in him ; thou know'st
He shunn'd me as a viper. When return'd,
After long absence, did he not refuse
To enter his own doors ? Did he not pass
In widowhood his nights ? not all the warmth
That mirth and wine inspire, not thy advice,
Could tempt him to behold me. O, my Lord,
I dread the consequence !

DAVID.

My love, fear not ;

I will protect thee.

BATHSHEBA.

Can thy power, alas !

Protect me against conscience ?

DAVID.

Reason can ;

Reason can shew that conscience misinform'd.

BATHSHEBA.

Words might deceive it for a while, perhaps ;
But recollection, but still more his sight,
Would break the charm.

S O N G.

Art, alas ! may sooth the ear,
For a time may lull the pain ;

But

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 79

But the wounds, that conscience tear,
Soon, though clos'd, will burst again.
Heaven decrees, that health of mind
Never shall with guilt be join'd.

DAVID.

But is it sure
Thou e'er shalt see him more? The chance of war
May ease thee of these fears.

BATHSHEBA.

O what a chance!
Forbear such sounds, my Lord; i am not yet,
Thank Heaven, to every power of feeling lost—
I turn on every side, but find no ease.

DAVID.

On one thou hast not, which may bring relief.
Uriah would not see thee; this alarms,
This terrifies thy soul. Who knows, but he
From well-judg'd delicacy might abstain?
Grant that he knew my love, and knew besides
All that has pass'd; perhaps he might but mean,
Such prudence have I found in him, to leave
An undisputed title to the child.
This might be all, or better still perhaps,
To yield thee up for ever to these arms.

S O N G.

80 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

S O N G.

Love, mighty Love, attempts in vain
To hold the' ambitious in his chain ;
At once, with rough unfeeling hand,
They break through every tender band.
Ambition can thy power disarm,
And render feeble every charm.

B A T H S H E B A.

Ah ! no. His fondness is too great.

D A V I D.

My fair,

Or i mistake, or his ambition far
Exceeds his tenderness. Think then of this, ,
And try to calm thy mind. Excuse my haste ;
Business requires my presence ; soon again
I mean to see thee, and shall hope to find
Thy heart more easy. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

B A T H S H E B A *alone.*

I ne'er may see him more, he said.—'Tis true
That is some comfort—yet how dare i speak
This guilty truth ? The very consciousness

Does

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 81

Does startle and confound me ; but for one
So plung'd in wickedness, no hopes remain,
But what arise from guilt.

S O N G.

Then oh ! sad hopes, adieu ;
Oh ! leave me to my pain ;
Ye cheat with outward shew,
And but augment my stain.

'Tis better to despair,
Than thus be eas'd of care.

This is the state,
The wretched state, of those, who from the paths
Of vertue stray ! who break the laws of God,
And listen to temptation !

S C E N E VI.

Enter Maids.

M A I D.

Madam, we grieve to see what these sad tears
Too well declare. Can nothing dry that source,
Which flows unceasing ?

B A T H S H E B A.

Nought, alas ! on earth ;
G For

82 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

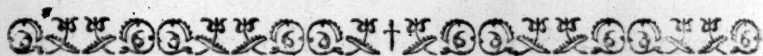
For me all comfort's lost.

MAID.

Turn then to heaven
Thy much afflicted heart ; there comfort dwells,
And thence descends to all, who seek it right.

C H O R U S.

When to the Lord we cry in woe,
When humbly at his feet we bow,
The very vale of death,
Grows cheerful at his breath,
And streams of comfort never fail to flow.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

DAVID *and* JONADAB.

JONADAB.

Y E S, surely something less ; but still i found
Her mind intent on gloomy thoughts.

SERVANT.

My Lord,
A messenger from Joab is arrived.

DAVID.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 83

DAVID.

• Bid him come in ; i long to hear his tale.
This siege hangs heavy on my mind—What news ?

MESSENGER.

Thus Joab bids me tell my Lord the King :—
The men of Ammon did in part prevail
Against our army. From the city gates
They made a desperate sally. We oppos'd,
And to the walls persued them. Thence they shot
In showers their arrows on thy servants heads,
And some of them are fall'n.

DAVID.

It grieves me much
To hear this news ; but is the number great ?

MESSENGER.

Not great, O King ! and in the Lord we trust
This loss will not be felt.

S O N G . .

For what, alas ! is human power,
Which he vouchsafes not to maintain !
Unless the Lord defends the tower,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

CHORUS.

God alone the battle guides,
He o'er victory presides ;

G 2

Migh-

84 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

Mightiest armies turn and fly,
When he looks with wrathful eye.

DAVID.

Are any of the captains lost ?

MESSENGER.

My Lord,

One only of that rank. Uriah's slain ;
He led the party that oppos'd the foe :
And Joab chiefly mourns that loss ; but hopes
My Lord the King will not impute to him
The chance of war.

DAVID.

This loss is truly great ;
But let it not dishearten him. The sword
Devoureth all alike ; no man is safe
From accidents of war. Let him inforce
Henceforth his battle, and neglect no means
To take this town that wears our patience out.
All present, heed my words. Let Bathsheba
Know nothing of her loss.

[*Exeunt all but DAVID and JONADAB.*]

SCENE

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 85

S C E N E II.

JONADAB *and* DAVID.

DAVID.

Thou, Jonadab, must be the messenger
To break this news to her : and with address
Let it be done, and caution ; lest the whole
Utter'd at once should too much shake her frame.

JONADAB.

My Lord the King shall be obey'd. I see
Some prospect of success with her. This thorn
Once taken out, (for 'twas a thorn no doubt,
To one in her condition) all will heal,
When the first pangs are over.

S O N G.

The racking state of hopes and fears,
No consolation can appease ;
But the worst known, one flood of tears
Clears all, and leaves the mind at ease.
The tempest thus, when at its height,
Unloads the sky, and makes it bright.

DAVID.

Well, I trust

G 3

Thy

86 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

Thy known dexterity. Go, and succeed.

[Exit JONADAB.]

S C E N E III.

DAVID.

Succeed, and wipe those tears away, which stain
The loveliest eyes that ever blest the world.
They, like the dawning light, I trust, will soon
Shed their soft influence on me, and disperse
The gloom, that long has robb'd me of my peace—
Thus Joab serves his king with faithful zeal,
And David shall reward him. Men like him
Deserve all honour from a prudent King.
Not Rabbah taken, not the Ammonites,
All to a man cut off, could give me joy
Like what my heart now glows with. All my hopes,
My wishes are compleat.

S O N G.

How I long to bind her brow,
With each costly pearl and gem;
Humbly at her feet to throw
This much-envied diadem!
This a lustre will receive,
From her eyes, it cannot give. [Exit DAVID.]

S C E N E

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 87

S C E N E IV.

BATHSHEBA *and* Maids.

BATHSHEBA.

A messenger from Rabbah, dost thou say?

MAID.

Thus i. was told.

BATHSHEBA.

Heard'st thou not what he brought?

MAID.

No, not a word.

BATHSHEBA.

In what state did he seem?

Cheerful or sad?

MAID.

Madam, i could not learn.

BATHSHEBA.

Thou didst not try perhaps. Thou didst not ask.

Else thou hadst known. Thy curiosity

Is never wanting, when some trifle comes

Athwart thy giddy eyes. Go, and enquire.

[*Exit* MAID.]

G 4

S C E N E

88 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

S C E N E V.

BATHSHEBA.

Perhaps the town is gain'd—Uriah safe
Returns in triumph. What is then my state?
Can i ev'n doubt, when every Israelite
Will stretch his hands to heaven, and praise the
Lord
That gave us victory! Yet shall i join?
Yet can i? for i then must see that face
Which more than death i dread. O misery
Beyond expreffion!

S O N G.

Have pity, God, relieve my pain;
Restore those happy hours again,
When with fond heart and eager pace,
I flew to meet my Lord's embrace.
Ah no, it ne'er can be:
'Twixt happiness and me
My crimes a bar have plac'd,
That never can be pass'd.

E'en penitence, the last resource of guilt,
To me's denied. For can i free this heart

From

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 89

From its new tyrant? Yet repentance claims,
Exacts this sacrifice.

S O N G.

Towards Sion hill in vain i turn my eyes,
I find no comfort there;
Sinai's dread lightnings seem to fill the skies,
Its thunders strike my ear.

S C E N E VI.

MAID *enters.*

What news do'st bring?

MAID.

Madam, i've fought in vain,

None knows a tittle.

BATHSHEBA.

Go. Thou may'st retire.

S C E N E VII.

[JONADAB *enters.*

O! here comes one that does perhaps. My Lord,
I hear a messenger is just arriv'd
From Rabbah; please to tell me what he brings.

JONADAB.

90 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

JONADAB.

Not what we wish'd and hop'd. Thro' eagerness
Our troops have had some loss.

BATHSHEBA.

How fare the chiefs?

JONADAB.

All safe but one. By an unlucky chance
An arrow pierc'd his heart, as to the walls
He drew too near.

BATHSHEBA.

Which of them, good my Lord?
I tremble for Uriah.

JONADAB.

What i heard

Was but a mere report; i did not see
The messenger myself—I cannot say—
But would suppose the worst in such a case,
Had i a near and bosom friend concern'd.

BATHSHEBA.

That worst is true—thou know'st it—he is dead!
Alas! Uriah's dead! O fatal stroke!
Perhaps he wantonly expos'd his life
To shun disgrace! ah me! i was the cause,
Th' accursed cause of his untimely death!

SONG.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 91

S. O N G.

Hark, i hear his spirit cry,
Guilty wretch, by thee i die;
From thy hand the fatal dart
Pierc'd my sad, my broken heart.
Hide me, darkness, from his sight,
Wrap me in eternal night!

J O N A D A B.

Madam, be pleas'd to recollect; these thoughts
Come but from fancy—Are not all expos'd
To death, who enter battle? Think of this
And be pleas'd; remember he was brave.

B A T H S H E B A.

O i shall weep for ever—he is dead!
Has left me without pardon! had he liv'd,
Repentance might have mov'd him—he was kind
And tender hearted.

J O N A D A B.

In his latest hours
He did forgive thee; with indulgence spoke
Of thy transgression, and——

B A T H S H E B A.

O name it not.
His kindness adds fresh stings. O what a wretch
To

92 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

To injure one so good ! but is it sure
He did indeed forgive me ?

JONADAB.

'Tis most sure,
And this should ease thy mind. Come, 'tis the lot
Of man, and thou should'st struggle to forget
What cannot be redress'd.

S O N G.

Short is the date, alas ! of human breath,
And various are the paths that lead to death.
Then happy he, who those of glory treads,
And bravely for the public welfare bleeds.

BATHSHEBA.

Thy words, i own, are just ; but ah ! these pangs
Cease not by counsel. It were well indeed
If it were so ; but nature will prevail.

JONADAB.

Thy grief requires assistance. I retire.
I'll send thy maids to' attend thee. [*Exit* JONADAB.]

S C E N E VIII.

BATHSHEBA.

Be calm, tumultuous thoughts : nor rack my soul
Thus with contending passions ; conscious guilt,
Hopes, sorrow, love—But hark ! I hear them come.

SCENE

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 93

S C E N E IX.

Enter Maids.

BATHSHEBA.

O my Uriah's dead!—All joy from me
Is fled for ever!

S O N G.

Pale, and cold, outstretch'd he lies,
Mantled now in fable shroud;
Clos'd for ever are those eyes,
Which with youthful ardour glow'd.
Death, O! leave me not alone;
Strike, and for this blow atone!

MAID.

Madam, we share thy grief, and know too well
How great thy loss. But Heaven must be obey'd.

C H O R U S.

To Him, whose hand guides all events,
Duty and reason bid us yield;
Spears, arrows, swords, are instruments,
Which He directs, tho' man may wield.

A C T

94 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA,

A C T III.

SCENE I.

DAVID *and* BATHSHEBA.

DAVID.

NOT so, i hope, my fairest ; widowhood
Would misbecome thee ; such a waste of charms
Would ill be with thy duty reconcil'd.
Thou wast not made for that.

BATHSHEBA.

Yet that. my Lord,
That is the least such guilt as mine requires.

S O N G.

'Midst those sad and lonely seats,
Where the solemn bird retreats,
Where the ruler of the day
Never darts his cheerful ray,
Where the feet of man ne'er tread,
Sin should hide its hateful head.

Where all around,
No pleasing sound,

Through-

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 95

Throughout the tedious year,
Delights the listening ear.

DAVID.

They best atonement make, who shrink not back
From what their state demands.

BATHSHEBA.

My Lord well knows
Mine nothing claims, but such domestic cares,
As well consist with widowhood.

DAVID.

The state of man is what he's call'd to. Nor wast
thou

Design'd by nature to that narrow sphere
Thy birth allotted thee. Thou couldst assist,
And therefore shouldst partake a monarch's cares,
Not lend thy aid to' increase them. What are crowns,
When the heart pines with anguish? A mere toy,
A tedious bauble, that deludes the sight
Of those, who wear it not, but galls the brow
Of him who does.

S O N G.

Glory, empire, pomp, give way;
What is all your empty show?

Truest

96 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

Trueſt bliſs from beauty's ray,
Raptures from her kindneſs flow.
By thoſe ſocial joys alone
Monarchs can their cares remove;
Friendſhip comes not near the throne,
But in company with love.

BATHSHEBA.

Excuse, my Lord, a feeble mind, that ſhrinks
Beneath ſuch thoughts of glory. In its health,
In all its vigor, it had found itſelf
Unequal to ſuch weight. What then muſt prove
Its preſent ſtate o'erwhelm'd with grief like mine?

DAVID.

Thy grief becomes thee; but thy noble ſoul
Will find a time for comfort. Think, my fair,
That on thy choice the fate of David reſts.

BATHSHEBA.

Permit thy ſervant to retire awhile,
And yield to nature's feelings.

S O N G.

To indulge the riſing tear,
The brow of grief to wear,

Reason

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 97

Reason forbids not in distress ;
When she commands to dry,
To raise the drooping eye,
Her laws should be obey'd no less.

DAVID.

Fair Bathsheba, since such thy will, retire :
But think thy David shares in all thy pangs ;
Think this, and suffer reason to prevail.

SCENE II. SERVANT *enters.*

SERVANT.

{ Nathan attends, my Lord.

DAVID.

He has leave to come.

SCENE III.

DAVID *alone.*

He brings some prophecy, perhaps, that tells
The fate of Rabbah and the Ammonites.
O may it be what I expect !

H

SCENE

98 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

S C E N E IV.

Enter NATHAN, and other Prophets.

NATHAN.

Permit me to approach my Lord the King
About a private business, that concerns
Justice and equity.

DAVID.

Speak freely out ;
Thou know'st it is my duty to give ear
Whene'er my subjects suffer.

NATHAN.

This affair
Is for its object small, but for its form
And circumstance most serious.

S O N G.

I come not, David, to thy throne
A trivial damage to redress ;
But to chastise a wickedness,
That issues from a heart of stone.

DAVID.

Apology is needless ; tell thy tale.

NATHAN.

One of this neighbourhood, in flocks and herds
Exceeding

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 99

Exceeding rich, of late receiv'd a guest.
Hard by lives a poor man, that had one lamb,
One only, which he rear'd with tenderest care,
Companion of his children. It did eat
Of his own meat, of his own cup did drink,
And in his bosom lay. The wealthy man
Spar'd his own flocks and herds, and took by force
This poor man's lamb, and slew it for his guest.

S O N G.

DAVID.

Can there then a wretch be found
With a soul so vile and base?
When the heart becomes unsound,
O how low is human race!

O wretch! let him be brought before me strait.
The man, whoe'er he be, that did this deed,
Shall surely die.

NATHAN.

Thou art the man. Thus saith
The God of Israel: I anointed thee
King of my people; I deliver'd thee
Out of the hands of Saul; to thee I gave
Thy master's wives and houses. Wherefore then
Hast thou despis'd the law of God, and done

H 2

This

100 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

This evil in his sight? Why hast thou slain
Uriah by the sword, and took his wife
By force to be thy concubine? For this misdeed
The sword shall never from thy house depart.
Thus saith the God of Israel; I will raise
Evil from thine own house; will take thy wives
Before thy very eyes, and give them up
Into thy neighbours hands. In secret thou
Hast done this act; but I will do this thing
Before all Israel, and before the sun.

S O N G.

Self-deceiving man in vain
Hides his crimes in deepest night;
He, whose eyes no bars restrain,
Sees, and on them darts his light.

C H O R U S.

Startled, rous'd at once from sleep,
Sin beholds the dreadful brink;
Looks with horror o'er the sleep;
From destruction strives to shrink.

D A V I D.

I've sinn'd against the Lord: Have mercy, God,
After thy boundless goodness; put away
My' offence, and cleanse me from this secret sin;
From

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 101

From this blood-guiltiness, that stains my soul.
In sin i was conceiv'd ; but thou canst cleanse,
And make me white as snow. Have mercy then ;
Cast me not from thee ; comfort me again :
So shall i' instruct the wicked in thy ways,
And they shall be converted ; open thou
My lips, and they again shall sing thy praise.
If sacrifice avail'd, thy altar soon
Should flow with blood ; but thou delightest not
In blood of goats or lambs ; a contrite heart,
A troubled spirit, is what thou demand'st.
O God, remember David ; thou by him
Hast promis'd blessings to Jerusalem.

S O N G.

Turn then, O Lord, thy pitying eyes
With favour upon Sion hill ;
O listen to thy servant's cries,
And thy kind promises, fulfil :
So shall thy worship still prevail,
And David's seed shall never fail.

N A T H A N.

The Lord hath heard, and done away thy sin ;
Thou shalt not die. Howbeit, for this misdeed,

102 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

The child, which she shall bear thee, must not live.
Yet thus the word of prophecy foretels ;
By her the rod of Jesse shall prevail.

S O N , G.

As a fair tree, by skilful hand
Cherish'd, and rais'd on fertile land,
Lifts high its lofty head,
And, as its branches spread,
Gives shade, and rest,
To bird, and beast :
So shall the rod of Jesse rise,
And mix its branches with the skies.

DAVID.

Unto thee,
O Lord, i cry'd, and thou hast rais'd me up ;
The pains of death got hold on me, but thou
Hast pluck'd me from the grave ; thy wrath endures
But for a moment ; thou hast girded me
With gladness, and to triumph turn'd my woe.
My eyes behold the promis'd seed ; O Lord,
Thou shalt grant him thy righteousness, and he
Shall judge the people justly. Every hill,
And every valley, shall rejoice in him ;

The'

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. 103

The' oppressor shall be crush'd, the poor shall lift
His head in safety; like distilling dews,
Like trickling showers upon the tender herb,
He shall come down; while sun and moon endure,
Plenty and peace shall reign; from sea to sea
His wide dominion shall be spread; the kings
Of Tarshish and the Isles shall offer gifts.

S O N G.

Yea at his footstool every king
On earth shall bend, and offerings bring;
He Lord supreme shall be confest;
In him all nations shall be blest.
Glory, O Lord my God, is thine,
And boundless reigns thy power divine.

DAVID.

Call in the minstrels, Nathan; let the Court
And Bathsheba attend; for she must join;
She too must lift her hands and heart to Heaven.

[NATHAN *exit*,

The lute, the harp, the cymbal, dulcimer,
And every instrument of string or wind,
In concert with the voice must now be mix'd,
And sound his praise, whose powerful hand alone
Can bind or loosen, can destroy or save.

H 4.

SCENE

104 DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

SCENE THE LAST.

BATHSHEBA, JONADAB, NATHAN, &c. *enter.*

DAVID.

Our ~~sins~~ are pardoned, Bathsheba ; the Lord
Declares it by his Prophet. Wipe those tears
From off thy cheeks ; the present time demands
Joy and thanksgiving.

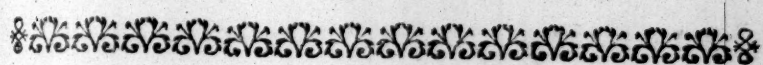
DUET. DAVID *and* BATHSHEBA.

Source of Grace, to thee we fly ;
From thy mercy-seat look down :
If thou triest with rigid eye,
Who can stand before thy throne ?

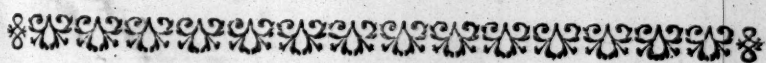
CHORUS.

Purest men, and angels bright,
Lose all lustre in thy sight :
Thou for ever dost endure,
Thou alone just, holy, pure.

THE END.



M E D E A.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CREON, King of Corinth.

JASON.

MEDEA.

PHILETAS, Governor of JASON's Children, by MEDEA.

ÆGLE, Chief Maid to MEDEA.

Colchian Men and Women who accompanied MEDEA into Greece.

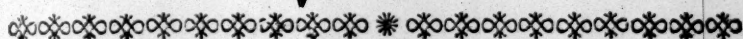
Corinthian Men and Women.

Priests, Priestesses, and Attendants.

SCENE Corinth, in the Palace.



M E D E A.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

ÆGLE, with Colchian Men and Women.

ÆGLE.

W A I T here awhile, my friends—she's just
retir'd

Far from this busy scene, and seeks repose.
O may she find it!—But i fear, alas!
She ne'er will taste that balm of life again.
O had that fatal vessel never plough'd
The briny wave! O that it ne'er had pass'd
'Those rocks, which seem by nature's self design'd
To bar all passage!

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Ah ! wherefore did he 'scape your shocks !
 Why clos'd ye not, ye jostling rocks,
 When Argo ventur'd thro' ?
 Why was he not in pieces torn,
 That robber for destruction born,
 And all th' accursed crew ?

Fatal, fatal day :

When first she saw that vile, deceitful man,
 That cruel Jason ! Every tie broke thro'
 Of nature, and of duty, every oath
 Vow'd at the altar, Creon's daughter now
 Possesses all his senses ; and this day
 Consents to make him happy ; while forlorn,
 Despis'd, bow'd down with grief, o'erwhelm'd with
 tears,
 Medea sits, rejects all proffer'd aid ;
 All nourishment ; all comfort ; silent sits,
 And motionless, unless perchance a sigh
 Bursts from her troubled breast, and shakes her frame ;
 Or sudden fury urges her to rave
 At human perfidy.

S O N G.

O what a change ! How quick are fled
 The fleeting hours, since round her bed

We

We danc'd, and join'd the bridal quire,
 While Orpheus touch'd the' enchanting lyre.
 Long we presag'd those joys would last;
 But like a dream they now are past.)

O i dread

How this may end ! Her fierce, undaunted mind
 May tempt her to unsheath the sword, and plunge
 Its point in her own heart ; or in the heart
 Of him she now detests.—Avert, great Jove,
 The horrid thought ! but e'en her childrens lives
 Seem scarcely to be safe.

S C E N E II.

PHILETAS, *and foregoing.*

PHILETAS.

How fares Medea ?

ÆGLE.

As she wont ; but whence
 This sadness in your looks, that mark despair ?
 Has aught befall'n ?

PHILETAS.

Can there want cause for woe
 In this sad state ? Is not Medea lost ?
 Cast off ? abandon'd in a foreign land

Amidst

Amidst her foes ?

ÆGLE.

Too true, alas ! but this
Has long been known. There must be other cause.

PHILETAS.

I almost dread to tell. Alas ! she knows
As yet perhaps but half her misery.

S O N G.

It is at length decreed,
Medea's heart must bleed
At every wounded pore ;
In every nerve, in every vein,
She feels already torturing pain ;
But still must suffer more.

ÆGLE.

What can be more ?

PHILETAS.

Hear then. It is resolv'd
To banish her this day.

ÆGLE.

Ah ! whither, whither now
For refuge shall we fly ?

CHORUS.

M E D E A.

III

C H O R U S.

Must we then tempt the boisterous wave
Once more, and find perhaps a grave?

Or on some savage coast,
After long wandring toft,
Be doom'd to suffer all the pains
Of tyranny, of scorn, of chains.

But sure it cannot be
That Jason should desert her thus !

PHILETAS.

Who knows
What lawless passion may produce !

ÆGLE.

Methinks
I hear her groan—She seems to come this way.

PHILETAS.

Let us retire. Thou, Æglè, try to sooth
Her restless mind—Prepare it for the blow
Impending o'er her head.

ÆGLE.

I dread to see her.
I dare not hint at this severe decree ;
The lionsess, when robb'd of all her young,
Would be less terrible to meet—She comes—
I'll wait, and watch my time, but out of sight.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

M E D E A.

M E D E A.

O woe, woe, woe! Is this then human life?—
 Is this the gift, ye Gods, for which we stand
 Indebted!—This the scene we dread to quit,
 Where a few straggling streams of joy break in
 Only to make our woe more deeply felt!
 Ah! wherefore, doating mother, didst thou rear?—
 Was there no dagger?—Weak, unhappy sex!
 No poison to secure me from those ills
 That ever wait on woman!

S O N G.

How friendly is the lenient hand of death,
 That stops at once our miseries and breath!
 But still more friendly, when on our first cries,
 It closes up our infant eyes.

Yet this firm hand can do the deed—It must—
 But other work calls for it first—That wretch
 Must not be left to triumph.

O Jason! O accursed wretch! O bride,
 With all your kindred, sink, sink down to hell—

Let

Let lightening strike you—Let it in one blaze
Sieve us together—O it sieves now—
Already it possesses every vein,
And scorches every nerve—I burn—I die.

S O N G.

Fond woman !—Let me stab this heart—
Oh shame to act so weak a part !—
Ungrateful sex !—But not alone—
Yes, 'tis decreed—thou too shalt moan.
He soon shall prove
The' effects of flighted love.

O Colchos ! O my father !—Why, ah ! why,
Did i forsake, betray you, for a wretch
The most abandon'd !— [Goes off.

S C E N E IV.

Æ G L E.

Mighty Jove, look down,
Lend thy assistance ; ease her troubled brain,
And give her comfort.

S C E N É V.

JASON *with Attendants, and* ÆGLE,

J A S O N.

Where is this frantic woman? Call her forth.

Æ G L E.

My Lord, i do beseech you at this time
To spare her weakness.—Wasted out with grief
She needs repose.

J A S O N.

Why i too need repose,

And so do others.—Therefore am i come.
I must hold converse with her. Had she learn'd
To be more humble, and forbear her threats,
This trouble had been spar'd to her and me.
Go, tell her to prepare.

S O N G.

Bid her learn the gentler arts,
Such as sooth and conquer hearts :
Softness is fair woman's dower ;
That alone can give her power.
She who lays that charm aside,
Falls a victim to her pride.

I shall

I shall soon return,
And hope to meet her in a gentler mood
Than she has shewn of late.

ÆGLE.

My Lord, i go. [*Goes off.*]

S C E N E VI.

JASON.

Is all prepar'd to celebrate the feast,
And holy rites of marriage?

ATTENDANT.

All, my Lord,
As you directed. Look propitious down,
Ye Gods, who favor love, and bless this day.

S O N G.

The fiend that late has broke our peace,
Shall like the victim's gall be cast aside;
No longer shall her savage pride
Cause mirth and joy throughout the land to cease.

Yes, she shall be remov'd, and Corinth then
Shall ring with harmony.

I 2

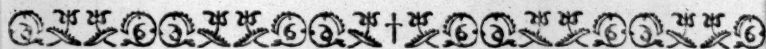
CHORUS.

M E D E A.

C H O R U S.

Hymen's voice shall strike each shore,
 Mix his sounds with murmuring seas;
 He shall halcyon days restore,
 Every tumult shall appease.

The flute and lyre,
 Shall mirth inspire;
 Full waves of harmony shall float around,
 And Glauca's name enliven every sound.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

M E D E A *alone.*

M E D E A.

BE calm, tumultuous heart, or lie conceal'd
 Beneath the veil of soothing looks and words,
 While i for once—But hark! i hear his step.

J A S O N *enters.*

S C E N E II.

Obedient to thy call, lo! i am come.

J A S O N.

J A S O N.

I hope

With mind prepar'd.

M E D E A.

Yes, 'Jafon, i am come
Prepar'd to hear my doom.

J A S O N.

That doom had been
But for thy frenzy milder. The dire threats
By thee so rashly utter'd, have alarm'd
Creon and all his court; and thou henceforth
Must banish'd be from Corinth.

M E D E A.

Dismal doom!
Is there no room for mercy? Think, O think
What i have born for thee! O speak one word
In favor of her, whom once you lov'd. Scorn not
The cry of misery.

D U E T. M E D E A.

Think, O Jafon, think that she,
Who now fues on bended knee,
Pity once to thee did show,
Friendless then like me and low.
Think of this and grateful prove,
Pity her you cannot love.

I 3

J A S O N. {

DUET. JASON.

Hope not thus thy ends to gain,
 Rise, Medea—'tis in vain.
 Vain are all thy prayers and cries,
 Rise, unhappy woman, rise.
 Think what drew on thee this fate;
 Own 'twas envy, pride, and hate.

M E D E A.

Forgive

That frenzy which excess of passion wrought;
 Passion for thee—thou know'st it—Did i not
 For thee betray my father?—Did i not—
 O horror but to think of!—for thy sake
 Destroy my brother? and for thee did stain
 The hands of Pelias' daughters with the blood
 Of their own father?—Every crime, which now
 Pollutes my soul, most strongly ought to plead
 For thy indulgence.

J A S O N.

I indeed must grant

'Twas passion that seduc'd thy' unruly mind;
 Wild passion, which thou now miscallest love.
 Love is of gentler nature, and excites
 To honor, faith, and vertue. It abhors
 Such deeds as thine.

. S O N G.

S O N G.

When all was gloom, when all was strife,
 And man scarce felt the joys of life,
 Love came, and breathing heavenly flame,
 Gave order to this beauteous frame.
 Hence sacred vertue rose. The savage mind
 Grew softer, and the passions more refin'd.

M E D E A.

Jason should then have preach'd
 This doctrine, when on Colchos' shore he stood
 Friendless, and unassisted. I might then
 Perhaps have listen'd. But this doctrine then
 For thee was out of season. Thou didst prompt,
 Didst urge me on to crimes—O give me back
 My innocence; or since that cannot be,
 Let me at least share the rewards of guilt.

J A S O N.

Thy haughty spirit has ruin'd all my aims;
 Else thou hadst still been happy. For my sake
 The king had favour'd thee. But that's now past,
 And thou must instantly depart from hence.
 Yet, such his goodness, he consents to' indulge
 A father's prayers, and lets thy children stay.

M E D E A.

Robb'd of my children too! What robb'd of all!

Friends, parents, country, husband ! — children
too !

S O N G.

Jason looks with scorn and hate !—
 Creon drives me from his state !—
 Pelias, butcher'd by this hand,
 Frights me from Thessalia's land !—
 Can i bear to cast mine eye,
 On those rocks defil'd with gore !—
 O my brother—shall i fly ?—
 Dare i, to the Colchian shore !—
 Dare i brave a father's rage !—
 Hope a mother to assuage !—

Obtain at least

One day of respite. Let me stay one day.
 Drive me not unprepar'd away to roam
 A beggar and an exile—Give me time—
 O give me time to take my last farewell
 Of my dear children—Think what 'tis to part
 For ever from the sight of those we love !

J A S O N.

I'll try my power with Creon.

M E D E A.

Forget not too

To

To urge my suit with Glaucæ. She perhaps
 May feel compassion. Tell her, as a mark
 Of my regard, i mean to send that robe
 Of richest texture, which in happier days,
 Alas ! with pride i wore ; the bridal gift
 Of Phœbus, my great sire. Bid her be kind
 To those i leave.

J A S O N.

Thy will shall be obey'd.

All wants shall be supplied ere you depart.

Farewell—be happy—learn to be discrete ;

And let me never see thee more.

[*Goes out.*]

M E D E A.

Yes, once,

Once more, i hope to take my last farewell,

And thank thee for thy kindness. Be discrete—

So he advis'd—Why, i have been discrete—

Have i not tamely born thy insolence ?

Go thou thyself and learn discretion, wretch,

Nor trust an injur'd woman.

S O N G.

Go, wretch supine, and with thy bride,

Sail down secure on fortune's tide ;

But soon fierce blasts shall rise,

And stun thee with surprise.

Great

Great Hecatè shall send from hell,
A storm above thy power to quell. [*Goes out.*]

S C E N E III.

ÆGLE, PHILETAS, Children, and Attendants.

ÆGLE.

O wretched children! my heart bleeds with grief,
When i behold your helpless state, depriv'd
Of her who ought to prove your chief support;
Left to a rival's mercy, sacrific'd
Perhaps to jealousy—at least given up
To cold neglect and a precarious state.

S O N G.

Ah me! the tender bloom of infant years,
Like the fair flower, that in the spring appears,
If not secur'd against the pinching blast
By the fond parent's care, can never last.

PHILETAS.

O Jason, Jason, can the Gods look down,
And view with patience such enormous guilt!
Forbid it, Jove! O hurl thy thunderbolt
Against' his impious head.

ÆGLE.

ÆGLE.

Philetas, watch ;
Guard well the children. Give her time to cool
Ere she behold them. 'Tis a dangerous hour,
So we have ever found it, when the rites
Of Hecatè employ her, and no foot
Profane is suffer'd to approach the scene.

PHILETAS.

I dread those rites—Something works in her mind,
That must have vent.

S O N G.

Revenge once rooted in the breast,
But from destruction finds no rest ;
Nor friend, nor foe spares in its rage,
Nor pity shews to sex or age.

CHORUS.

So when the rushing torrent pours,
And overflows its wonted shores ;
It wastes the champain far and wide,
And levels all things with its tide.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Priest, Priestesses, a *Cauldron*. Stage dark.

P R I E S T.

Flash lightening, thunder roll, black clouds descend ;
Involve us deep in gloom, and form a scene
Fit for these solemn rites, fit for the soul
Of great Medea.

S C E N E VI.

M E D E A *enters*.

M E D E A.

Goddeſs Hecatè,

Thee i invoke : Thee, by whose aid i lull'd
The dragon's watchful eyes, and tam'd those bulls
From whose throats issu'd a consuming fire.
Come, Goddeſs, come.

P R I E S T.

See, on thine altar smokes
The grateful sacrifice : each powerful herb
From Thessaly and Pontus, duly plucked
When planets were most baneful. See, they float
In dews collected from Mephitic pools.

M E D E A.

M E D E A.

Come, shed thy influence. Give effect to thoughts —
Lurking within my bosom. Teach my soul
To know no tenderness. Quench every spark
Of pity lurking here.

P R I E S T.

She comes, she comes !
Hark, hark, the dogs in choral howls proclaim
Her mighty presence.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Hark ! the solemn sounds i hear !
Lo ! the flitting forms appear !
Every sign proclaims her near !

S E M I C H O R U S.

She comes, she comes, in all her power,
Fierce vengeance on thy foes to shower,
And aid thee in the dreadful hour.

S O N G.

P R I E S T.

Dews from Stygian caves distill'd,
Lurid herbs with poison fill'd,
Round the brain your steams dispense,
Deaden every softer sense.

S O N G.

M E D Ë A.

S O N G.

Another Priest.

Suck but in the powerful fume,
 Wounds and death shall charms assume ;
 Pity' self shall not beguile ;
 Agonies shall make thee smile.

S O N G.

M E D E A.

I feel myself possess ;
 She triumphs in my breast ;
 All tenderness is gone ;
 My heart is turn'd to stone.

S E M I C H O R U S.

O'er this robe your influence shed,
 Load with mischief every thread ;
 Let all poisons in it meet,
 Let it prove her winding-sheet.

C H O R U S.

So shall all Greece thee Hecatè adore,
 And in Medea own thy mighty power.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

JASON, CREON, Queen, Attendants.

CREON.

HAIL, happy day, hail, happy hour, that makes
The flower of Greece my son. Let trumpets sound;

Let flutes and lyres proclaim the solemn joy;
Be joy on every tongue; in every heart
Where human feelings enter. Thine, i see,
Thine, Jason, is most joyful; on thy face
I read the' impression of my Glauca's charms;
It brightens up thy countenance.

JASON.

'Twere strange,
Most strange, were i not happy. Link'd with one,
Who gives at once a refuge, and bestows
The fairest maid that e'er adorn'd her sex.
But wherefore comes she not?

S O N G.

Come, and round thy lovely brows,
Place the ^{je}ssamine and rose;

See,

See, the garland ready stands,
Pining fades, and thee demands.

CHORUS.

Haste, fair Glaucæ, haste away,
Jason pines too with delay.

ATTENDANT.

She but prepares
Her bridal dress. In that rich garment clad
Presented by Medea's, she'll soon come.

CREON.

Meanwhile let music sound. [*Instrumental Music.*

S C E N E II.

PHILETAS and Children.

PHILETAS.

O how I dread the' event! Medea's mind
Most surely meditates some blow! This calm
Mix'd with a settled gloom, that clouds her brow,
Portends a dreadful storm. She raves no more,
As she was wont.

S O N G.

Unmov'd and silent now she stands,
With drooping head, and clasped hands;
Now

Now from her lips in broken phrase,
Words fall, that strike us with amaze;
From her stern eye tears gushing break
By fits, and stain her livid cheek;
Like drops upon the polish'd stone,
They seem unfelt to trickle down.

S C E N E III.

M E D E A *and former.*

M E D E A.

The garment, was't presented?

P H I L E T A S.

As you bad,

This child presented it.

M E D E A.

That's well. Such gifts
Shall ne'er be wanting for a friend like her.
Yes, it is well. Evil is now my good.
Come hither, let me' embrace thee—and thee too.
How did she take it?

P H I L E T A S.

With a gracious smile.

M E D E A.

I too perhaps may have my time to smile;
All ocean will not quench it—What a blaze!—

K

S O N G.

S O N G.

Methinks i hear her groans—
 It siezes on her bones—
 Hecatè, look down, and blow
 The subtle flame—O spread the woe.

He may be caught himself—who knows? and then—

PHILETAS.

Madam !

M E D E A.

Nay, mind me not—Only some thoughts
 Came cross, and made me wander—

S C E N E IV.

Enter ÆGLE.

Hark, i hear
 The found of trumpets. [*Trumpets heard at a distance.*]
 'Tis the marriage rite—
 Quick, bring the children to my room—She burns—
 She falls in ashes—Bring the children up—

ÆGLE.

Madam, the rites are not begun : the bride,
 So I was told, by some bad omen warn'd,
 Deferr'd awhile the marriage.

S O N G.

S O N G.

What wonder if the Gods should send
 The worst of omens to attend
 A marriage so unchaste !
 For when they join their impious hands,
 They boldly break those holy bands,
 That ever ought to last.

But at length

They' have satisfy'd her doubts, and she pre-
 pares——

M E D E A.

Thanks to great Hecatè ! May blindness thus
 Seize ever on mine enemies !—Dear babes,
 How i do love you ! Let me taste again
 Of your sweet lips, and suck your balmy breath—
 O how delightful !—

S O N G.

Not Flora's breath, that from the rose,
 On Zephyr's wings rich odor throws,
 Is half so fragrant as your breath,
 Sweet babes—and shall the blast of death——
 O cruel doom !
 How short your bloom !

O smile not—wound not thus your mother's breast!—
Go take them quickly.—O my heart, my heart!

S C E N E V.

M E D E A, Æ G L E.

Æ G L E.

Forgive me, madam, if i dare to' express
My gloomy thoughts.

M E D E A.

Speak out ; thou hast my leave.

Æ G L E.

O, i beseech thee, be not hurried on
To deeds unnatural.

M E D E A.

What dost thou mean ?

Æ G L E.

Consider, they' are thy children.

M E D E A.

Dost thou think
I do not love them ? Not the blood that flows
In my own body is more dear than theirs.

Æ G L E.

But passion —

M E D E A.

Passion ! thou dost see i' am calm.
He'

He' has granted all i ask'd—it is enough—
 The respite of this day—it is enough—
 I am fully satisfy'd.—Go, and prepare
 For our departure.—Bid Philetas wait—
 A message to the king requires his aid—
 I'll quickly come. [ÆGLE goes out.]

S C E N E VI.

M E D E A *alone.*

Fiend that I am !——Why he,
 Jason, decrees, not i.—Yet can it be ?—
 O, 'tis impossible & they must prevail——
 Yet can i spare them ?—Will not every look,
 Each tender accent, tell me with reproach,
 That i once lov'd a villain—who now robs—
 Engrosses every comfort to himself ?——
 It must be done—it must.—Fond Nature, yes,
 I feel thee—thou abhorrest—Conscience too,
 I hear thy cries.—But crimes must have their course ;
 They must have fellow crimes ; standing alone
 They brand the front with folly.—It must be done—
 Be steady, hand—strike home—the mother now
 Must be forgotten.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Yes, i contemn the tranſient pains ;
 The ſteel that paſſes through their veins,
 Through his paſſes too ;
 Think of this, and ſtrike the blow.

S C E N E VII.

J A S O N, Attendants. Meſſenger *enters.*

J A S O N.

Whence this confuſion in thy looks ?

M E S S E N G E R.

My Lord,

I dread to tell the tale.

J A S O N.

Speak out.

M E S S E N G E R.

The bride

Not long had put on that accuſed robe,
 Preſented by Medea, ere a flame,
 Subtle, and fierce, began to ſpread around
 Her miſerable body.—Down ſhe fell,
 In anguiſh inexpressible, and death
 Soon clos'd her eyes.—Others beſide were caught,
 Creon amongſt the reſt.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Round her in vain his arms he threw,
 In vain he strove to quench the fire ;
 Raging from limb to limb it flew ;
 Ah, wretched daughter ! ah, unhappy fire !

J A S O N.

Alas, his pangs are light to what i feel !
 Why did i quit my Glauca ?

S O N G.

Why was i not in Creon's place ?
 Why dy'd i not in her embrace ?
 Why am i left alone,
 Eternally to moan,
 Of every joy bereft ?
 Oh ! no, my children still are left.

Where's this abandon'd murderers ?—O wretch !
 Deluded wretch ! to trust my happiness
 To one so try'd in crimes !—Fool that i was !—
 Where is she ? Bring her forth. .

A T T E N D A N T.

My Lord, retir'd
 To her apartment—every passage barr'd—

The

The children with her, and we' have heard strange
cries

From time to time.

J A S O N.

She cannot be so fell!—

Medea! hark! Medea!

M E D E A.

Who calls there?—

I am busy now—I have no time to talk.

J A S O N.

O more than tigress! Canst thou then destroy
The babes that suck'd thy breast!—those harmless
babes!—

O look with pity on them—they're thy own—
Let nature plead their cause—let innocence—
Ah me! it is too much—Hold heart—Ye Gods,
Quell, quell this monster. Ha! again I hear
The dismal shriek.—Sweet babes, fall down—em-
brace—

Cling to her knees, her skirts.—But ah! in vain,
In vain they plead.—This dreadful silence tells
Too well what's done. St! not a groan is heard—
I tremble at this silence.

M E D E A.

Thou dost well;

Thou understand'st it right—the work is done.

There

There, take the dagger—use it like a man.

S O N G.

Give me one comfort ere i go,
Strike boldly—end at once thy woe.
Yet no ! pollute not with thy stains
The blood, that flow'd from guiltless veins :
Live on, and wretched be,
And, when thou view'st that dagger, think on me.

J A S O N.

Infernal fury !—but in deeds, not words—
O give her to my vengeance !

M E D E A.

Doating wretch !

Dost thou not yet know who Medea is ?
Hast thou forgot her power ? Her spirit too
Thou should'st have better known. Could'st thou
believe,
That she, who, to preserve a vagabond,
Betray'd her fire, and in a brother's blood
Embru'd her hands, would tamely yield thee up
To a detested rival ?—Go, embrace
That rival now—thou hast my leave.—Farewell !
The winged car attends, which soon shall bear
Medea to a safer place.

L

J A S O N.

M E D E A.

J A S O N.

The Gods,
Th' avengers of such crimes, shall find thee out.

S O N G.

In vain thy dragons spread their fail ;
The winged car shall not avail :
Great Jove shall mark thee in thy flight ;
Shall never lose thee out of fight.

C H O R U S.

Great Jove shall bid the Furies rise,
And with their torches blast thine eyes ;
Bid Vengeance, with her Gorgon head,
Pursue, o'ertake, and strike thee dead ;
Then drag thee to unheard-of woe,
New tortures in the realms below.

T H E E N D.